

# Come away, thou lady gay

Robert Johnson

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Come a-way, come a-way thou la-dy gay! Hoist

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how she stum-bles! Hark, how she mum-bles! Dame Gill-ian! Dame

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Gill-ian! By old Claret I en-large thee, By Ca-na-ry thus I

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charge thee, By Bret-tain-y Me-theg-lin and Pe-ter, Ap-pear and

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an-swer me in met-er! Why when? Why when? What

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Gill! Why when? Once a -gain I con- jure thee: By the pose in thy

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nose, And the gout in thy toes By thine old dried skin, And the mum- my with-

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in; By thy lit- tle, lit- tle ruff, And thy hood that's made of stuff; By the bot- tle at thy

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breach, And thine old salt itch; By the sticks and the stones That have worn out thy

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bones, Ap- pear! Ap- pear! Ap- pear! I come, I come,

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